THE WORLD OF NEW BOOKS.

Professor Bryce's Work on the "American Commonwealth."

A CHAPTER ON THE GAS TRUST.

What Is Said by the English Historian of Philadelphia Politics — Faults of the Federal System — Congress and Parliament Compared.

JUST as Motley was said to have written of al l lands asthough he had been born in each of them—of the Dutch Republic as though he were a Dutchman—so at once it impresses us that Prof. James Bryce has written about "The American Commonwealth" (New York: Macmillan & Co.,) like a native. With the spirit of a native, that is to say, not in imitation or emulation of any native writer. There was no model before him. Perhaps there are Americans who could have written a better book about their own country, with a broader knowledge and in a more winning style; but, holding this possible, such a report would be bound to catch as *couleur de rose* the eye of Europe. Foreigners receive the best of native criticism with cold suspicion; but this portly product of Prof. Bryce's investigations has already commanded the world's respect and admiration.

It is a great book, not solely because its judgments are fair, although we have not been accorded by English writers such impartial treatment as to render us indifferent to the charms of dispassionate criticism; but it is the only fair and full, intelligent and adequate study of the practical operation of our governmental machinery, our politicians and political methods, the multiform expression of our national character and our social institutions. De Tocqueville did not do this for us fifty years ago in his "Democracy in America." He wrote a delightful philosophical treatise on democracy in general with the American Union for text. But in the Frenchman's day neither the man nor the time was come for such a work as this. The harder task that the professor of civil law at Oxford set for himself was to review for an older and an incredulous civilization the results of a "rule of the multitude;" not so much to discuss the merits of republican institutions as to paint them as they are, tracing what is peculiar in them not merely to the sovereignty of the masses, but also to the history and traditions of our race; to its fundamental ideas and material environment. The result is a masterpiece, a mine of information. No previous work compares with it in scope or treatment.

Professor Bryce has striven to avoid the temptations of the deduction method. "When I first visited America eighteen years ago," he says, "I brought home a swarm of bold generalizations. Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881. Of the half that remained, some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit in 1883 and 1884; and, although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870." Each volume is divided into three parts. Part I contains an account of the several federal authorities, the President, Congress and courts of law, describing the relations of the national or central power to the several states, and discussing the Constitution as a fundamental law. If the presidential office, the author says, is not one of the conspicuous successes of the American Commonwealth, it is nowise to be deemed a failure. The Executive is perhaps not armed with sufficient powers, and for several reasons great men are seldom chosen to fill the office; but the social relations of the President to the people are more admirable. "To a European observer, weary of the slavish obsequiousness and lip-deep adulation with which the members of reigning families are treated on the other side of the Atlantic, fawned on in public and carped at in private, the social relations of an American President to his people are eminently refreshing. There is a great respect for the office and a corresponding respect for the man as the holder of the office, if he has done nothing to degrade it. He is followed about and feted, and in every way treated as the first man in the company, but the spirit of equality which rules the country has sunk too deep into every American nature for him to expect to be addressed with bated breath and whispering reverence."

The account which follows of the two houses of Congress is accurate and exhaustive. It possesses exceeding interest in the circumstance of the author's legislative experience at home, Professor Bryce being a member of Parliament for Aberdeen. The methods of congressional legislation do not wholly meet with his approval, particularly the committee system, although he does not fail carefully to report the advantages claimed for it and frankly to confess his doubts of the practicability of devising another so good. These comparisons are to be noted: "As respects ability, the Senate can not be profitably compared with the English House of Lords, because that assembly consists of some twenty eminent and as many ordinary men attending regularly, with a multitude of undistinguished persons, who, though members, are only occasional visitors and take no real share in the deliberations. Setting the Senate beside the House of Commons one may say that the average natural capacity of its seventy-six members is not above that of the seventy-six best men in the English House. There is more variety of talent in the latter and a greater breadth of culture. On the other hand, the Senate excels in legal knowledge, as well as in practical shrewdness. The House of Commons contains more men who could give a good address on a literary or historical subject, the Senate more who could either deliver a rousing popular harangue or manage the business of a great trading company, these being the forms of capacity commonest among congressional politicians. * *

"Watching the House at work, and talking to the members in the lobbies, an Englishman naturally asks himself how the intellectual quality of the body compares with that of the House of Commons. His American friends have prepared him to expect a marked inferiority. They are fond of running down congressmen. The cultivated New Englanders and New Yorkers do this out of intellectual fastidiousness, and in order to support the role which they unconsciously fall into when talking to Europeans. The rougher Western men do it because they would not have congressmen either seem or be better in any way than themselves, since that would be opposed to Republican equality. A stranger who has taken literally all that he hears is therefore surprised to find so much character, shrewdness and keen, though limited, intelligence among the representatives. Their average business capacity did not seem to me below that of members of the House of Commons of 1880-1885. True it is that great lights, such as usually adorn the British chamber, are absent; true also that there are fewer men who have received a high education which has developed their tastes and enlarged their horizons. The want of such men depresses the average. It is raised, however, by the almost total absence of two classes hitherto well represented in the British Parliament, the rich, dull parvenu, who has bought himself into public life, and the perhaps equally unlettered young sporting or fashionable man who, neither knowing nor caring anything about politics, has come in for a county or (before 1885) a small borough on the strength of his family estates. Few congressmen sink to so low an intellectual level as these two sets of persons, for congressmen have almost certainly made their way by energy and smartness, picking up a knowledge of men and things 'all the time.' In respect of width of view, of capacity for penetrating thought on political problems, representatives are scarcely above the class from which they came, that of second-rate lawyers or farmers, less often merchants or petty manufacturers. They do not pretend to be statesmen in the European sense of the word, for their careers, which have made them smart and active, have given them little opportunity for acquiring such capacities. As regards manners they are not polished, because they have not lived among polished people; yet neither are they rude."

In summing up the faults and merits of the federal system, the Professor dwells on one blemish characteristic of the American federartion which Americans, he says, seldom notice because it seems to them unavoidable. This is the practice in selecting candidates for federal office of regarding not so much the qualifications of the candidate as the effect which his nomination will have upon the vote of the state to which he belongs. Objections, he says, may be taken to particular features of the Constitution, "and these objections point, as most American thinkers are agreed, to practical improvements which would preserve the excellencies and remove some of the inconveninences. But reverence for the Constitution has become so potent a conservative influence that no proposal of fundamental change seems likely to be entertained. And this reverence is itself one of the most wholesome and hopeful elements in the character of the American people."

The second part of the work deals as exhaustively with the state of governments, examining their constitutions, the authorities which administer them and the practical working of their legislative bodies. It contains a supplementary chapter on municipal government, contributed by Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn Seth Low. Then follows in part three a minute account of the political parties, their history and present conduct, with a sketch of the party leaders and their characteristics, of the "rings," "machines" and "bosses," of conventions and campaigns and the entire party system and the actual extent of corruption in it. American readers will acknowledge the astuteness and justice displayed by Professor Bryce in these chapters. He sets down naught in haste or ignorance. He writes like a righteous judge. The traveler who has returned from the United States, he observes, becomes weary of being asked, "Isn't everybody corrupt there?" "The facts are not easy to ascertain, and it is hard to say what standard one is to apply to them. In the case of America men are inclined to apply an ideal standard because she is a republic, professing to have a new departure in politics and setting before her a higher ideal than most European monarchies. Yet it must be remembered that in a new and large country, where the temptations are enormous and the persons tempted have many of them no social position to forfeit, the conditions are not the most favorable to virtue. It, recognizing the fact that the path of the politician is in all countries thickly set with snares, we leave ideals out of sight and and try America by an actual standard, we shall find that while her legislative bodies fall below the level of purity maintained in England and Germany, probably also in France and Italy, her federal and state administration, in spite of the evils flowing from an uncertain tenure, is not, in point of integrity, at this moment sensibly inferior to the administrations of European countries."

This not so flattering, but who shall say that the following conclusions are unfair? "Bribery exists in Congress, but is confined to a few members, say five per cent of the whole number. It is more common in the legislatures of a few, but only a few states, practically absent from the higher walks of the federal civil service and among the chief state officials, rare among the lower officials, unknown among the federal judges, rare among state judges. The taking of other considerations than money such as a share in a lucrative contract, or a railway pass, or a 'good thing' to be secured for *a friend, prevails* among legislators to a somewhat larger extent." Among fifteen to twenty per cent of the members of Congress or of an average state legislature it is estimated. If Professor Bryce finds much to criticise unfavorably in the American party system, to the character of which he largely ascribes the variety of statesmen of the first rank, he cordially concedes the sanity and saving grace of the American popular mind and will. We are too ingenious, he would seem to say. "There is almost too little of make-believe about Americans in public writings as well as in private talk, and their dislike to humbug, hypocrisy and what they call English Phariseeism, not only tends to laxity, but has made them wrong in the eyes of the Old World their real moral sensitiveness. Accustomed to see constant lip service rendered to a virtue not intended to be practiced, Europeans naturally assume that things are in the United States several shades darker than they are painted, and interpret frankness as cynicism. Were American politics judged by the actual and not the conventional standard of England, the contrast between the demerits of the politicians and the merits of the people would be less striking."

This brings us to what the author regards as the most difficult and vital part of his task—the twelve chapters comprising Part IV, or "Public Opinion," defining the mind and conscience of the American people, their leading political ideas, habits and tendencies. Public opinion stands out, says Professor Bryce, in in the United States as the great source of power, "the master of servants who tremble before it." We are a good-natured people, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. We are, as all the world knows, a humorous people, appreciating a joke in our direst distress, as when we made merry over the hasty retreat of the federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. We are a hopeful, an educated, a religious, an unreverent (not irreverent), busy, commercial, changeful people. One of our weak points is the very excellence and highly popular character of our local government, which contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge of all politics by the politics they see first and know best—those of their township or city. "Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive or hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in America ridicule is a terrible power."

One feels grateful to the author for his denial under this head of the charge of De Toqueville that the tyranny of the majority is the capital fault of the American Government and people. The tendency of fifty years ago can not reappear; the tyranny of the majority is no longer a blemish on the American system. "As tyranny is one of those evils which tends to perpetuate itself, those who had been oppressed revenging themselves by becoming oppressors in their turn, the fact that a danger once dreaded has now disappeared is no small evidence of the recuperative forces of the American Government and the healthy tone of the American people." Yet, while the enormous force of public opinion no longer makes the people tyrannical, it is still a danger to them as well as to their leaders. It fills them with an undue confidence in their wisdom, their virtue and their freedom. By a long-suffering tolerance of incompetence and misconduct on the part of the people, the sense of responsibility among the leaders of public life has been dulled. Thus the practical statesman is made timid in advocacy as well as infertile in suggestion. "He seems to be always listening for the popular voice, always afraid to commit himself to a view which may turn out unpopular."

The fifth section of the work contains besides certain philosophical observations on several political questions, some pertinent illustrations, drawn from recent American history of the working of political institutions and public opinion. The first chapter deals with the Tweed Ring and is contributed by Frank J. Goodnow. It is followed by an account of the Philadelphia Gas Ring, which, though it can not fail to arouse the interest, will hardly flatter the local pride of the Philadelphia reader. Mr. James McManes is hero of the story. "That so vast and solid an edifice of power," says Professor Bryce, "covering the whole of a great city, should be based on the control of a single department like the Gas Trust may excite surprise. But it must be remembered that when a number of small factions combine to rule a party, that faction which is a little larger or better organized, or better provided with funds than the others, obtains the first place among them, and may keep it so long as it gives to the rest a fair share of the booty and directs the policy of the confederates with firmness and skill. Personal capacity, courage, resolution, foresight, the judicious preference of the substance of power to its display, are qualities whose union in one brain is so uncommon in any group of men that their possessor acquires an ascendency which lasts until he provokes a revolt by oppression, or is seen to be leading his party astray. And by the admission even of his enemies, Mr. McManes possessed these qualities. His origin was humble, his education scanty, but he atoned for these deficiencies by tact and knowledge of the world, with a quietly decorous demeanor veiling an imperious will. He knew how to rule without challenging opposition by the obtrusion of his own personality, nor does he seem to have used his power to plunder the city for his own behoof. The merit of the system was that it perpetuated itself, and in fact grew stronger the longer it stood. Whenever an election was in prospect the ward primaries of the Republican party were thronged by the officers and work people of the Gas Trust and other city departments, who secured the choice of such delegates as the ring had previously selected in secret conclave."

Following along the history, Mr. Stokley is referred to as "a man against whom no fraud could be charged, but whose management of the police force and subservience to the Boss had made him suspected by earnest reformers." The election of King and Hunter through the efforts of the Committee of One Hundred was welcomed," says Professor Bryce, "with transports of joy. Astrala had returned—the 'City of Independence' was again [illegible] freedom." We are told that it is still too early to estimate the results attained under the new City Charter, enacted through a "feud between Mr. McManes and the State Boss" (though "public opinion and a righteous cause" counted for something, it is admitted, in the triumph). The first occupant of the mayoralty, an office whose powers are greatly increased, does not seem to have done his best to make it (the City Charter) succeed; but on the whole a great and probably permanent advance is believed to have been secured. Whether Philadelphia shall be well governed in the future will chiefly depend on the energy and public spirit which her citizens from time to time show in the choice of strong and upright mayors." Finally the Professor, informing the ignorant European reader of our "magnificent City Hall"—"the largest and finest building of the kind in the United States"—says "It is to be hoped that under the new scheme of city government, and after the painful lessons of the past, the officials who reign in this municipal palace will be found worthy of so superb a dwelling and of the city where the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution first saw the light."

It is impossible to follow the Professor in his account of "Kearneyism in California," his discussion of the problem of territorial expansion, his inquiry into the nature of governmental interference with individual citizens and the question of women's suffrage. We have only space to quote the recapitulation of the possible evils likely to arise from the present characteristics of American democracy. These are: "Firstly, a certain commonness of mind and tone, a want of dignity and elevation in and about the conduct of public affairs, an insensibility to the nobler aspects and finer responsibilities of national life. Secondly, a certain apathy among the luxurious classes and fastidious minds, who find themselves of no more account than the ordinary voter and are disgusted by the superficial vulgarities of public life. Thirdly, a want of knowledge, tact and judgment in the details of legislation, as well as in administration, with an inadequate recognition of the difficulty of these kinds of work and of the worth of special experience and skill in dealing with them. Because it is incompetent the multitude will not feel its incompetence and will not seek or defer to the counsels of those who possess the requisite capacity. Fourthly, laxity in the management of public business. The persons entrusted with such business being only average men, thinking themselves, and thought of by others as average men, with a deficient sense of their high responsibilities, may succumb to the temptations which the control of legislation and the public funds present, in cases where persons of a more enlarged view, and with more of a social reputation to support, would remain incorruptible."

All too brief and inadequate as this review may be, it indicates the lofty tone and impartial spirit of a work that takes instant rank as the keenest critique and most trustworthy description of our social and political life. We have not mentioned the sixth and concluding part of the book, which treats of our social institutions, because the readers of last SUNDAY'S PRESS were entertained with copious extracts from the more important chapters on equality, the position of women, the pleasantness of American life, and the influence of religion. But the only way to enjoy such a work is to read every line of it. M. P.

MR. DONNELLY AND HIS BOOK.

He Blames the Railroad Influence for Unfair Reviews.

From an Interview in the Minneapolis Journal.

My book was treated at first with great unfairness, partly attributable to the strong prejudices in favor of Shakspeare, of those who had never investigated the subject, and partly to attacks upon the work inspired by the railroad companies. It may at first sight seem unreasonable that great corporations should concern themselves with the success of any literary undertaking; but a few months before my book appeared an article went the rounds of the press, to the effect that I was about to make $100,000 or more out of its publication; and that I had been a formidable opponent of railroad monopolies without any wealth to speak of, and that if I made a large fortune my power to restrain their aggressions would be vastly increased. The railroad presidents, of course, saw this article and realized its truth, and in the same spirit which has actuated them, year after year, to send money into my own county to oppose my election to the House, they determined to crush my book. I was told of one case where a reviewer for a prominent newspaper received $500 to denounce and ridicule it.

A chief agent in this work was a supple sycophant by the name of Appleton Morgan, a railroad attorney and scribbler of unconsidered trifles for some of the magazines. Although he had written a book to prove that Shakspeare never wrote the plays, and had declared that I had discovered either a cipher or something that could not be explained by any ordinary rules, he promptly recanted this declaration and the opinions of a lifetime and fiercely assailed my book.

The cipher is a fact. You can not stamp out a fact—you can not lie a fact out of existence; it is indestructible. If the whole human family were to solemnly resolve that the sun would not rise tomorrow, the grand old luminary would peer above the horizon just as usual at his regular hour. If all the critics and reviewers in the world were unanimously to declare that my discovery was a fraud or a delusion, they might arrest the sale of the book for a time, but in quiet corners in great libraries, in all sorts of out of the way places, in islands of the sea, and in the hearts of continents, men speaking different tongues would patiently toil over it, and becoming satisfied that there was really a cipher there, would pass the astonishing news from one intelligent friend to another until it took possession of the thinkers of the whole world. And what is worth talking about in this world but the independent thinkers? No. The thing is a certainty, and must triumph. Personal enemies may insult me and fools may ridicule me, but time will justify me.

Next Spring I shall settle down quietly at home, dismiss from my mind all other thoughts and take up the cipher where I left it off. I think I can perfect the workmanship of it; that is, I think I can discover the missing links of the rule governing the arrangement of the words in the sentences. I have no doubt that if I had had that [illegible] rule perfectly I should have avoided many of the criticisms as to the language of the cipher narrative and should have brought the whole thing down to an absolute demonstration. But the spirit of the critics seemed to be not to give me any credit for what I had done, but to denounce me for what I had not done.

Influence of Mrs. John Sherwood.

From Time.

Uncle 'Rastus (at dinner)—Lem, you young reskil, tak yo' feet offen de corner ob de table.

Aunt Dinah—Yes, an' I decla' to goodness ef he yaint eatin chicken broff frum de end ob de spoon 'stid ob frum de side. When you grows up, Lem, eberybody'll take yo' for a low-down niggah what nevah had no manners larned to him.

Culture's Snap in Chicago.

From America.

Mrs. Mushroom—So Coquelin is really coming?

Mrs. Champignon—I do not regret it. He comes at a very opportune time.

Mrs. Mushroom—In what respect?

Mrs. Champignon—He will find me prepared. I have just learned how to pronounce his name without looking conscious.

NURSERIES OF GOOD NURSES.

The Women Who Direct the Care of the Sick in the City's Hospitals.

THE CITY'S TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Something About the Personality of Their Chiefs and How the Pupil Nurses Get Their Education—Several Portraits.

ONLY a few years ago, before the era of training schools, the Philadelphia institution nurse was, as a rule, a broken-down woman, verging on toward middle-age, who, unable to earn a living at anything else, was considered entirely capable of filling the most responsible position—next to that of the physician—at the sick bed. Her knowledge of nursing—if she laid claim to any—was derived from her experience as the neighborhood midwife. Private nursing, except in obstetrical cases, was a luxury indulged in only by the rich.

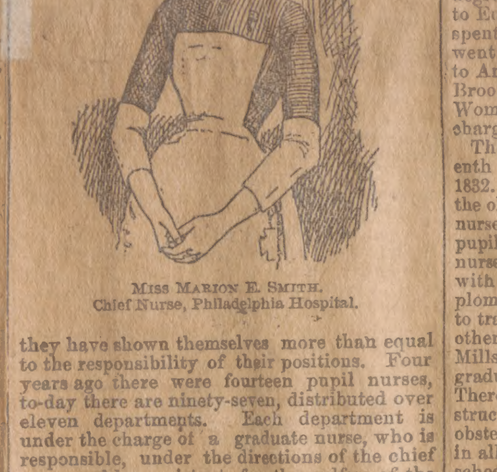
To-day there are in this city seven training schools for nurses, which furnish a yearly average of 150 trained women, and the supply is unequal to the demand. These pretty, bright-faced, intelligent women are in themselves an inspiriting and invigorating tonic in the sick-room.

The course of instruction pursued in the various training schools is about the same, and comprises all kinds of hospital work and some study in text books on general nursing and therapeutics.

Applicants are required to fill out a form of application, give references as to their moral character and pass a physical examination, after which, if these be found satisfactory, a written agreement is filled out and signed, binding the candidate to remain a specified time, and pledging her on the part of the college thorough instruction in nursing. A probationary period of from one to two months is required by all the schools in order to judge of the candidate's ultimate fitness, at the expiration of which she either remains or the contract is declared void, as the case may be.

The earlier acquisitions to the ranks were mainly saleswomen and seamstresses, with a few ex-school-teachers, but since nursing has taken a semi-professional status clergymen's daughters, school and music teachers, artists, women of no occupation but limited means, as well as a number who wish to learn nursing as a preliminary to a course in medicine, are applicants. One of the city training schools numbers among its pupils both a Vassar and a Wellesley College graduate. In all the hospitals the instruction given is considered an equivalent for all services rendered and it is expected that the money paid the pupil will be expended for the clothing, books, thermometers, etc., needed during the time.

The Philadelphia Hospital was the first general hospital in the city to introduce the new system. Formerly the nurses in that institution were in the main ex-patients, most of them hard drinkers, who neglected their duty. The place was run on this happy-go-lucky principle until the late Alice Fisher, aided by her efficient assistant, Miss Horner, brought order out of chaos and established a school which has sent, and is sending, its graduates to fill responsible positions all over the country, in private houses and public institutions. Two of her distinguished graduates, Miss Marion E. Smith and Miss Roberta West, are now holding the positions made vacant by her death and Miss Horner's marriage to Senator Hawley. Although younger in years and experience than their predecessors,



MISS MARION E. SMITH.
Chief Nurse, Philadelphia Hospital.

they have shown themselves more than equal to the responsibility of their positions. Four years ago there were fourteen pupil nurses, to-day there are ninety-seven, distributed over eleven departments. Each department is under the charge of a graduate nurse, who is responsible, under the directions of the chief nurse and her assistant, for the welfare of the patients, as well as for the conduct and training of these pupil nurses. The classes are now so large that commencements are held three times a year, in January, June and September, and an average of twenty-five graduated each time.

Miss Marion E. Smith, chief nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital Training School, was born in Gloucestershire, England. She was a personal friend and pupil of the late Miss Fisher and served under her a year in Birmingham, completing her course of instruction at the Philadelphia Hospital under her beloved preceptor. Miss Smith graduated in 1886 and went immediately thereafter to the Pennsylvania Hospital as head nurse, where she remained until July last, when she was appointed to fill the vacancy made by Miss Fisher's death.

MISS ROBERTA WEST.
Chief Assistant, Philadelphia Hospital.

Miss Roberta West, the hospital's chief assistant nurse is one of its most distinguished graduates, having won the gold medal. After her graduation in 1886 she went to the Orthopædic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases, at Seventeenth and Summer Streets, and organized a training school, taking two of her classmates with her. She remained in charge, as superintendent, until December, 1887, when she was appointed to her present position, to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Horner's marriage to Senator Hawley. Miss West is a native Philadelphian, and received her education at the Lincoln Grammar School, at Twentieth Street and Fairmount Avenue.

The training school at the University of Pennsylvania has been established but a little over two years, and six weeks ago sent out its first graduating class of twelve, including a full-blooded Brule Sioux girl. Three of the graduates at once went to fill responsible positions.

The number that can be trained in a class is limited to thirty-three. The course takes two years. The nurses receive $40 for the first year's services and $100 for the second. The most improved ideas on nursing require the nurses' sleeping apartments and rooms where she is to spend her leisure time to be entirely separate from the institution proper. This hospital makes such provision for its nurses in a nurses' home, erected in 1886 by the Wood family in memory of their mother. In addition to the necessary sleeping apartments it has a pretty sitting-room and well-selected library of 100 volumes for their use.

MISS A. L. LOCKE.
Chief Nurse, University Hospital.

Miss A. L. Locke, the chief nurse, is a Canadian by birth and was born in Hamilton, Ontario. She is a graduate of the Philadelphia Hospital of the class of 1887 and took charge of the University's training school in February last.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, although the oldest and most conservative in its management in the city, is not behind the times in the introduction of appliances and measures for the comfort of nurses and inmates. In accordance with the improved idea they recently established a nurses' home in the old Historical Society's building on Spruce Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets. The number of nurses taken in the training school is limited to 22 and the course of instruction covers two years. On account of the central location of this hospital and the large number of accident cases received it affords a better opportunity for the study of surgical nursing than any other in the city. The pupil nurses graduate once a year, the average number being ten. During their course of training they receive $9 a month for the first year and $12 per month the second.

MISS ANNA A. HINTZE.
Chief Nurse, Pennsylvania Hospital.

Miss Anna A. Hintze, the chief nurse, is a native of Boston and a graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital of the class of 1886. After her graduation she took charge of the men's surgical ward in her alma mater, and came to the Pennsylvania Hospital in September last.

The training school in connection with the Woman's Medical College came into existence in 1863. It is at present without a head nurse. The course of training covers two years, the first of which is spent in the hospital, and the second in attendance on private cases outside. There are forty-two pupil nurses at present under training. The average number graduated yearly is fourteen. Women between the ages of 24 and 40 are, after a probation of four months, received for training. It was a graduate of this school who founded the famous training school at New Haven, Conn.

Dr. Anna M. Fullerton, under whose superintendency the training is conducted, is the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary to India, and a distinguished graduate of the Girls' Normal School of this city. After her graduation she was for several years a successful teacher of grammar and the Constitution of the United States in the Normal School, but resigned her position to take up the study of medicine, matriculating at the Woman's Medical College of this city. After obtaining her degree she practiced for a year, when she went to Europe for a year, nine months of which she spent in study at the Vienna Hospital. She went then to Paris and London. On her return to America she practiced for a year with Dr. Broomall, and three years ago came to the Woman's Medical College as physician in charge.

The Philadelphia Lying-in Charity, at Eleventh and Cherry Streets, was established in 1832. It was formerly a nurses' home, and is the oldest institution in the city for training nurses. It began the work by sending the pupils out to nurse in poor families. Every nurse took twelve cases, and if she got through with them satisfactorily she was given a diploma. Two years ago the institution resolved to train nurses after the methods pursued in other places of the kind, and put Miss Alice Millspaugh, a native of Baltimore, one of their graduates of two years' standing, in charge. There are now fourteen pupil nurses under instruction. The practical experience is largely obstetrical, but theoretical instruction is given in all other kinds, and the graduates of this school have proven themselves fully equal in all respects to nurses who have received practical instruction in every branch. The average yearly number turned out is fourteen. There is no specified time for graduation, the pupils receiving their diplomas as they finish their course. The compensation during training is $5 per month.

While necessarily not conducted after the pattern of the ordinary training-school, the German Hospital affords superior instruction to a number of noble-hearted women, whose service to the sick and suffering means a life-work of abnegation, and whose pay is only the actual necessaries of life—food, shelter and clothing. They are content with the prayers and blessings of those for whom they have eased a little of life's heavy burden. Four years ago the managers of the German Hospital brought from Germany a little band of seven of these devoted, self-sacrificing women, who are known as "Diakonisses," or deaconesses, and belong to a Lutheran order of that name. While pledged to a life of service and obedience, they can at any time return to the world if a higher duty as, for instance, the care of a dependent parent, or helpless sisters or brothers calls them, but while in the order they must hold themselves in readiness to go at a minute's notice to any part of the world to engage in hospital work, or establish the order in a new country. A candidate for admission must be a woman of high moral character—a Christian, but not necessarily a Lutheran. The members of this order travel all over the world under the protection of the German Emperor, and frequently serve on royalty. In Germany its membership is drawn from the best families. At the end of four years' service they receive the cross of the order, which is oblong in shape, made of silver, with a small red cross enameled in the centre. Under its protection they are sacred in times of war.

WANDA, BARONESSE OERTZEN.
Sister Superior, German Hospital.

There are at present thirty of these good women attached to the German Hospital in charge of the laundry and kitchen, and in attendance on the sick. Next year a big children's hospital is to be established, which, together with the opening of the Drexel Home, will require the services of many more than the present number.

The deaconesses are under the charge of "Frau Oberin," or Sister Superior Wanda, Baronesse Oertzen, who has been a member of the order for twenty years. The Baronesse is a stout, motherly-looking woman, with chestnut-brown hair, parted and combed smoothly back, earnest, kindly eyes and enthusiastic manner. She came to Philadelphia in May last from Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg, to take charge of the hospital and its diakonesses and spread the order in this country. She has served under Esmark and Bilbroth, the noted German surgeons, and saw active service in the Holy Land. She has an excellent command of English, which she renders with a charming accent. She said that there are upwards of 7000 diakonesses in Germany. There are accommodations at the German Hospital for 100.

"I hope soon to have more than that number," she said. "This big country needs 1000. I already have calls from various parts of it, asking me to send them a diakoness, so that she can found the order there. I have a number of diakonesses, competent and ready for the work, but I can not spare them."

The Episcopal Hospital Training School is in its experimental stage, having been in operation only ten months. The course of instruction covers two years. Pupils are taken between the ages of 23 and 35, after a month's probation. At present there are twenty-four pupil nurses. The hours of service are from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. The wages received are $8 per month for the first year, and $10 a month for the second.

This school was organized by Miss Almira C. Davis. She was born in Philadelphia, but the greater part of her life has been spent in central New York. She graduated from the New York Training School for Nurses, attached to Bellevue Hospital, in 1876, and soon thereafter became superintendent of a Cottage Hospital in Quincy, Illinois, after which she returned to Bellevue as night superintendent. She next went to the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and subsequently became connected with the Boston City Hospital, and from there took a six months' vacation to Europe, visiting and studying the methods in the St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew's and Guy's Hospitals in London, spending several months as a guest of the Nightingale School. On her return to America she became connected with the Training School at the Brooklyn Hospital, after which she went to the Church Hospital, Louisville, Ky., as its superintendent. She subsequently returned to Europe for a six months' rest and pleasure trip, whence she received the call and made the arrangements that placed her in charge of the Episcopal Hospital's Training School.

The training school founded at the Philadelphia Orthopædic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases, at Seventeenth and Summer Streets, by Miss Roberta West, is still in existence.

POEMS OF THE PERIOD.

The Musician.

I.

As some master wearied long,
Careless, touching thus the keys,
Strikes them into sudden song
Scarce remembered, so would I,
Weary, waiting, only try
Lightly thus to touch the keys
Into songs like these.

II.

What melody now through the silence breaks
Like the light through the dark in the rosy morn?
For I touch the keys and the song awakes
Like the dawn of the day new born.

I have glimpses of thoughts that I can not tell,
That strive in articulate sobs to reach
From the soul of the music in which they dwell
To the sounds of our broken speech.

There are tears unshed, there are hopes unfilled,
There are dreams that never will come again;
There are faces gone, there are voices stilled,
And pleasure that ever is mixed with pain.

But however I strive and however bold
The spirit may be as the glad songs come,
There are thoughts, there are dreams that can never be told,
Which lie in the depths of the silence dumb.

III.

To some master wearied long,
Careless touching thus the keys,
Oft returns some sudden song—
Scarce remembered melodies.

Careless touching thus the keys,
Sounds of broken songs I hear;
Scarce remembered melodies
Of dead days that once were dear.

Sounds of broken songs I hear,
From the vanished past they flow;
Olden days that once were dear
Come they with the songs I know.

From the vanished past they flow!
Will its memories never cease?
Come they, sounds of songs I know;
Break, oh heart, till thou find peace.

Will its memories never cease?
Memories of the happy past;
Break, oh heart, till thou find peace
In the silence here at last.

BENNETT BELLMAN.

What Is Flirtation?

From the London Figaro.

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ballroom,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips,
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a call,
'Tis long good-nights in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end, tra la, my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

Her Smile His Sunlight.

Frank Dempster Sherman in the Century.

Sweetheart, when rhymes I make
For your dear sake,
You bring
Into your face a smile,
To cheer me while
I sing.

Like to that bird am I.
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which loves the sun
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
To him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines
And lights the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day—
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the Bird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss
And breath;
Nor may their nightfall come
Till both are dumb
In death!

Naughty Claude.

James Whitcomb Riley in St. Nicholas.

When little Claude was naughty once,
At luncheon-time, and said
He'd not say "Thank you" to Mamma,
She made him go to bed,
And cover up and stay two hours;—
So when the clock struck 2,
Then Claude said: "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obliged to you!"

A Single Hair.

From the Chicago Mail.

It is odd how shifts the light,
For the hair is black as night—
For the instant, and then quite
Another hue. It's bright
And then it's dull. My sight
Is baffled as I note
What I found upon his coat,
It is odd how shifts the light!
Oh, dear! How came it there,
This tantalizing hair?
Is it black, or brown, or red?
Where, I wonder, was it shed?
Did it come from my own head?
Have I any cause for dread?
It is odd how shifts the light—
What blur is on my sight?

WHY EMILE ZOLA LOATHES US.

A Lively Interview with the Famous French Writer of Impure Books.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The "Father of Naturalism" Vents His Wrath Against the Translators and Publishers Who Disgrace, He Says, the Great Republic.

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

PARIS, Dec. 17, 1888.

Alphonse Daudet.

I spent a remarkable half-hour with M. Emile Zola the other morning. It was the first time I had seen the famous novelist since early last Spring. He looks thin, bilious and tired.

"Have you a cold, too?" I asked on shaking hands with him. Everybody in Paris is coughing just now.

"No, I am quite well," was his reply.

But he doesn't look so. In that haggard face I thought I could read the reason why M. Zola is thinking of quitting novel writing, when he shall have finished the story he is now engaged upon, which will keep him busy until next Summer, he tells me.

"I am not written out," he said; "but I am getting tired of making books."

I should not be surprised, therefore, if Zola were to go back to newspaper writing.

"The *Figaro* would pay me handsomely if I were to contribute to its columns once more," he said.

This and the preceding remark would seem to indicate that Zola's mind is turning from romance to journalism. They were called forth by my asking him why he didn't contribute essays to some of the American magazines. And then he began to belch forth a series of tirades against America, the like of which I had never heard before, although I well knew that Zola had no tender feelings for the United States; for, on more than one occasion, I have listened to him "go on" about "*ces gredins d'Americains* who have mercilessly plucked me of all my literary plumage." But this time he was more violent than ever before, which is the *raison d'etre* of this letter.

"I LOATHE THE NAME."

"I have nothing to say about your political and social institutions," he began. "I know nothing about them and care nothing about them. I can't read English and so could never learn much of anything about them even if I were to try. But this I do know, and know it only too well, that you have a pack of translators and publishers over there in the United States who are a disgrace to the great Republic and to the Nineteenth Century. Why, will you believe it? they even had the audacity, the *toupet*, to take stories of which I have never written a line, to translate them abominably, I am told, to put my name on the title-page and to sell them by the thousand, just as they do with works of which I am the real author. All this has so disgusted me with the United States that I loathe the name and have come at last no longer to care what is done with my writings on the other side of the Atlantic.

Emile Zola.

"There was a time when I took the trouble to try to do something with my books in America. A good lady in New York who was in straitened circumstances once wrote to me offering to translate and find a good publisher for one of my novels. I entertained kindly feelings for America in those days and was interested in this brave woman. Although I never expected any pecuniary returns I sent her advanced sheets of one of my stories and furnished her much supplementary information that would have given a special stamp to the American edition of the book. But before the poor woman could get her copy ready for the printer a clique of 'literary scalpers' in Philadelphia got ahead of her and printed their volume before hers was even announced, so that all her labor was lost and I had gone to considerable trouble for nothing.

"I have much the same tale to tell about my last volume, 'Le Reve.' A certain individual at New York bought the right to publish it in the United States, or at least he and I thought he had bought this right. I sent him advanced sheets, and he issued his translation. Whereupon the English owners of 'Le Reve' brought suit against the American purchaser, declaring that they owned both the American and English copyrights. So of course I will never see a cent from the sale of this in the United States, and I am chagrined at the thought of the translator's troubles. After two such experiences as these, you can well understand why I am 'down on' your country.

THESE ARE MY SENTIMENTS.

"And the most exasperating part of it all is that my books are really selling there by the hundred thousands. In public you hypocritical protestants pronounce me a 'dirty dog,' but devour my books in private. Your greedy and dishonest publishers refuse to enter into relations with me because my works are 'much too coarse for American readers,' and then they go to pirating me without mercy. Are you surprised, then, that I look upon your publishers and your reading public as beneath my contempt? *Je me moque d'eux voila mes sentiments.*

"Nor am I the only French author who makes similar complaints. Daudet tells me he has never received a cent from the American sales of his works, although he is widely read in the United States."

[The next day after my call on Zola, I chanced to meet the American translator of Daudet and he informed me that Daudet, on the contrary, had been quite handsomely paid by his trans-Atlantic publisher.]

"What is true of Daudet is true of every one of our leading French novelists," Zola continued.

"It is not true of Mme. Henry Greville," I interjected.

"Oh, she's only a tenth-rate novelist," answered Zola, who then resumed the thread of his jeremiad as follows:

"Some of our dramatists, who, like Sardou, know how to drive a sharp bargain, have made money in the United States with their plays. But even they have had to have recourse to Barnum-like methods in order to get hold of some of those Yankee dollars, not one of which I have ever laid eyes on. Sardou writes a piece for Sarah Bernhardt, and she creates the leading role—in fact the only role worthy of the name—here in Paris; our critics make a great hurrah over the play and over Sarah; she then packs up for America, and the result is that Sardou and the Almighty Dollar are soon on speaking terms. But what self-respecting novelist would resort to such tricks in order to put money in his purse? Not I, anyway. I give you full liberty to cry all this from the housetops; in fact, I rather wish you would."

So said the irate "Father of Naturalism" as I bade him good-bye, and thus what was intended to be a morning call has been converted into a newspaper interview. But if Zola's just complaints should aid in the movement to obtain from Congress the passage of an international copyright bill his angry words and my report of them will have been published to some purpose.

THEODORE STANTON.